

Nassau, and arrived at Frankfort early. We remained in this city until Sunday morning, and were very much amused. F. is a very populous, busy, and dashing city. The Opera is one of the best in Germany. We went on Thursday night, Cherubini's *Medea*. The house crammed full. The boxes private, as in London, save two in the centre for strangers. We were much amused. We lounged a great deal at Frankfort. Our banker was extremely civil, and gave us a ticket for the Casino, an institution similar to our crack London clubs, and not inferior to them in style or splendour. Here we read all the English newspapers and billiardised. Eeturn-ing home we discovered at a cow/?sewr's something superb beyond conception; we committed an excess, and have talked of the ambrosia ever since. My father has bought some fine prints at F.—Albrecht Durers, Max Antonios, and many Rembrandts, very magnificent impressions and very reasonable. On Saturday we visited the collection of Mr. Bethmann; in it Dannecker's grand Ariadne on the Lion, which you remember described in Dodd. In the evening we rushed to the Opera, the *Zauberflöte*.

On Sunday, after visiting the Museum, we left Frankfort for Darmstadt, a lounging little city full of new and architectural streets. The Opera is celebrated throughout Europe, and justly so. We attended it in the evening — *Otello*; the scenery is the most exquisite I ever met with, the discipline of the orchestra admirable. The Grand Duke an immense amateur. The Royal Box is a large pavilion of velvet and gold in the midst of the Theatre. The Duke himself, in grand military uniform, gave the word for the commencement of the Overture, standing up all the time, beating time with one hand and watching the orchestra through an immense glass with the other.

We left Darmstadt this morning, a very fine day, travelled through a beautiful country, at the foot of the Bergstrasse mountains, reached Heidelberg, which is beautifully situated on the Neckar, surrounded and partly built on lofty mountains. We called and delivered our letters to Mrs. JFobin, a cleverish, pleasant woman. She was very civil, pressed us very much to stay at Heidelberg, asked us to meet Lady Davy and Lord Dudley, who are both at H., which we declined, as we set off to-morrow. We rise very early, and travel chiefly in the early morning. We shall be back, I dare say, in a fortnight, as there are no great cities to visit on our return. We have been only a month

coming to Heidelberg, and have done anything but hurry, spending in Brussels and Frankfort alone upwards of a week. . . . Remember me to all, my best love to my mother. . . . I expect no more letters from you, but shall